THE HOME

Sleepyland.

BY LAURA E. BICHAEDS.

Baby's been in Sleepyland,

Baby's ocen in Sleepyland,

Over the hills, over the hills:

All the rainy morning.

From the cradle where she lay,

Up she jumped and flew away.

Every rainy morning.

Baby littlest, baby prettlest?

For Sleepyland is bright and gay

What did you see in Sleepyland,

What did you ee in Sleepyland,

Saw the sun that shown so twinkly,

Saw the gras that moved so crinkly,

Saw the brook that flowed so tinkly.

All the rainy morning?

All the lovely morning.

Over the bills, over the bill 1

All the rainy morning?

All the lovely morning.

What did you do in Sleepyland,

Baby littlest, baby prettlest? What did you do in Sleepyland,

Sang a song with a blue cauary.

All the lovely morning.

Would I could go to Sleepyland,

Would I could go to Sleepyland,

But Sleepvland may never behold Any one more than two years old, So poer old mammy stays out in the col-

Grandpa's School.

[Mrs. C. E. Bamford in New York Observer.]

As soon as the children were all seated

Over the nills, over the hills,

Every rainy morning.

Every rainy morning.

Danced a dance with a golden fairy,

Rode about on a cinnamon brary.

All the rainy morning?

What did you hear in Sleepyland,

What did you hear in Sleepyland,

Heard the wind that wooed so wooingly,

Heard the doves that cooed so cooingly, Heard the cows that moved so movingly,

THE SHOW ANGEL. The sieigh-bells danced that winter night; Old Brattleborough rang with glee;
The windows overflowed with light;
Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas tree.
But to one the belis and mirth were naught.
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.
He waited until the guests were gone;
He waited to dream his dream alone; And the night wore on.

lone he stands in the silent night: He piles the snow in the village square; lith spade for chisel, a statue white From the crystal quarry rises fair.

No light, save the stars, to guide his hand,
But the image obeys his soul's command.

The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,
The stars grow pale in the early dawn,
But the lad toils on.

And lo! in the morn the people came
To goze at the wondrous vision there;
And they called it "The angel," divining its For it came in slience and unaware. It seemed no mortal hand had wrought
The uplifted face of prayerful thought;
But its features wasted in the sun;
Its life went out ere the day was done;
And the lad dreamed on.

and his dream was this: In the years to be I will carve the Angel in lasting slone; In another land, beyond the sea, I will toll in darkness, will dream alone; While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
There's nothing desired beneath star or sun
Which patient genius has not won.
And the boy tolled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might the has gained renown in the land of art;
But the thought inspired that thrisimas night Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart;
And the dream of the boy, that melted away in the light of the sun that winter day. Is embodied at last in enduring stone,
Enow Angel is marble—his purpose won;
And the man toils on
Wallace Bruce, in Harper's Magazine for Janu

## THE FAIRFIELD POET.

[Mary H. Catherwood, in Harper's Bazar,] Tragedy, which is never far from the most You could hear the voices of children been ground under its wheels. dence, but there had fate nailed her for 7 o'clock. pled by the descendants of poor white Caro linians and Tennesseeans. The mail portion of the community sat on the railroad plat form in yellow jeans, sprawling their naked toes to the sun, whittling, and jetting like toes to the sun, whittling her sun bonnet back, and smiling at Willie. He was not mangled. His boyish beauty except its clear innocence re died to him. His nose was large for his deed laid in the midst of the crowd, she did not believe it. He was not mangled. His boyish beauty except its clear innocence re died to him. His nose was large for his deed laid in the midst of the crowd, she did not believe it. He was not mangled. His boyish beauty except its clear innocence re died to him. sympathy with each other, but they stained head, and on his head the auburn curls about him excepting a dirty-looking spot on teach a queer little school for the benefit of dren could read a little, and strange to say, when he waked up an' seen the shoes a ing about. If you spend your days and often this one among them all felt the progress of the age tearing her heart-strings out while her circumstances kept her at a stand still.

His young sister was putting supper on the was the vicinity of them. They have much in comband bell, and in five minutes there were divious to the library of the vicinity of them. They have much in comband bell, and in five minutes there were divious to the library of the vicinity of them. They have much in comband bell, and in five minutes there were divious to the library of the vicinity of them. They have much in comband bell, and in five minutes there were divious to the library of the vicinity of the vicinity of them. They have much in comband bell, and in five minutes there were divious to the library of the vicinity of the vicinity of the vicinity of the vicinity of them. They have much in comband bell, and in five minutes there were divious to the library of the vicinity o their human kindness with slander. And were shorn to a thin, crisping layer. I do not say her life would have been more and up the cow lane came his father with ground-loving woman who enjoyed the Giovanni.

companionship of her fruit trees and flowers and worked with her hands. Indeed crowds as noved her, and she was undecided birds in the mulberry-tree over their headwhat toilettes ought to be made for a large making the only calling and replying that public. The striped silk dresses of her pros- could be heard. Before Willia reached her. ged mantilias, agreed ill with bon- mute language. nets of the passings season, and she had "The preacher has come back." for all your new inventions. But she was her fingers into various shapes, saying thereflercely ambitious for her children, espe- by, "Did you see him?" with the hop, s of a future sheathed in their | wagon."

man, and far up in his teens, His mother had a picture of him taken His mother wove on: "Poor Nancy Ellen! gift virgin and untarnished.

healthy present, when Willie was tall as a

stocked in thousands of yards. Those were Fairfield's best days, and he kept a general store, making money so rapidly that the lary people around him felt helplessly in jured. He began his fine brick house, build "And they drove to his place."

How did he act?"

"He got into the wagon by the driver," said Willie's fingers.

"Well, that was something for him," where the wagon by the driver, and his mother could always hear him said Willie's fingers.

"Well, that was something for him," The High school Girl.

On Seturdey she weiks abroad. ing on a generous and artistic plan, at the "I suppose he'll leade of Fairfield, where he could surround live at home now." himself with fruit trees, and have fields for "I wish you had seen Nancy Ellen." his cattle. Whether it is a more distinct "I'm going to see her after the milking is misery to build the temple of your home done."
and see some one else inhabit it, or to shel "Seen her by the preacher," insisted ter yourself for years in a house you have Willie's passes. "She looked like a captive not the power of finishing, the latter fate coming in chains to Rome was reserved for the Harbisons. With a "Yes, I'll be bound she did. Every jolt of crash they came down from what had been that twenty miles is stamped in her mind." Fairfield's opulence nearly to a level with "I wish," flashed Willie, "I knew what Fairfield's poverty. They kept the house the preacher sung to himself all along the and grounds and a meadow, but under such road." weight of mertgages that it was compara "What a notion! You'll have to fix it up tively no grief at all to see the ornamental in poetry now, won't you?" cornices lying around the partly plastered Willie shook his head many times and periors, talustrades and newel-post standing reddened. "You said the preacher used to on end beside the skeleton stairway, and to sing home from meeting in the dark." find the bath-room useless except as a rub "Yes, he did," affirmed Mrs. Harbison. half of Fairfield was now obliged to become go by their place.' himself an employe, and the general verdict Their talk paused, and Willie looked up of the world against those who fail was embasized by communistic envy.

But the habit of being a woman of consid- slowly,

the same Willie he had been before. He money for it."

could hear nothing, and seldom spoke an willie uttered a gentle sneer. He laughed audible word-Mrs. Harbison's boy, who at his mother in a way that always made was made to take the world by storm—and what had been the shyness of a country bred youth became the set apart seclusion of a goat eared faun. Willie Harbison was to be seen whirring as noiseless as a bat upon his blook for your learning as noiseless as a bat upon his blook for your learning as here. I know they would put them in a bicycle across the open ground at dusk. He book for you. was met coming from the woods silent as an Indian, and his eyes were on everything in behind his father coming to the evening earth or sky except the human beings just meal. But before his mother rose, Willie

Whatever were the faults of Fairfield, it the characters indicating th's promise: loved and respected Willie Harbison, and "Some day I'll get on my bicycle and ride therhood or sisterhood in the wonen. He that will be soon enough." Said the mother, would dismount from his wheel to let the boys tilt with it at the o'd warehouse. He loved the woods; he loved Wildcat and Kitch ollow he woods; he loved Wildcat and Kitch ollow he woods; he loved Wildcat and Kitch ollow he woods; he loved the woods; he loved warehouse when he woods; and what joy then creeks, which ploughed rock-bedded channels through the woods; and what joy whill himself knew. He loved to watch from the mill on a clear morning that plume of steam the south-bound train sent around at the reason of steam the south-bound train sent around at the training down and taking up to lake such a large moon as that," said there won't I don't mind, I ken sleep out that will be soon enough."

It has Grande-place, and when in Brussels I king. Cept in that it in the slower of the sing fout side, Pete' An'he looks so writted that I is 'goet that it anything 'out Santy is 'good out, Of, course, there will be soon enough."

It has grande-place, and when in Brussels I king. Cept in the till the side of the looks so writted that It is 'goet and when in Brussels I king. Cept in the will be soon enough."

It has grande-place, and when in Brussels I king to the side, Pete' An'he looks so writted that It is 'goet and when in Brussels I king. Cept in the will be soon enough."

It has grande-place, and when in Brussels I king to the same that it is histary thing 'old of the side, Pete' An'he looks so writted that It he looks so writted that It he looks so writ! An't he looks so writ! An't he will be soon enough."

It has the will be so

fingers. The paper itself was sometimes not gode out of the sky, and these would brown, sometimes the blue cap left from the bave given her more than the silhouette of store, sometimes gilt-edged note having penciled landscapes along the margins, or the flowers be rhymed of done in water-colors; for his hand was as skillful as his eye was discerning. The poems were usually short, and sensitive in rhyme and rhythm. Willie's

themes were the common sights and the common pathos or humor of the situations in which he found the people around him; his interpretation of the flicker's feelings; his delight in certain thick fleeces of grase; the budding elders, and was reminded of the panorama of sky and field as it marched tile-like bits in her past, fitted oddly toacross his eye; the grotesque though heartily gether.
huwan family party made by old man
Parsons and his wife, where half of their devillage. She had been talking a mere mo scendants, unable to get into the small ment with Nancy Eilen, and had not yet en-house sat on the fence while the rest ate din-

new from winter distillation.

Willie nodded.

"I suppose he'il let her come back and

ward caught his mother's eye, he wove out

ner. Willie was deaf, but he had inward some other neighbor came in with excite music. Every smooth and liquid stanza ment, and said aloud, over the whispered was like wine to to his mother. She com- talk of the mourning house, that something nared his poems to Burns', and could not was wrong down at the depot. find the "Mountain Dalsy" a whit better "That express has run into something

than her poet's song about the woods in sgain," proclaimed the neighbor, "and looks, by the way folks run, as it wasn't a Even Mr. Harbison thought well of Wil- cow this time. Enough cows and pigs has lie's performances. They were smuggled to been killed by that railroad."

bim by the mother, and carefully returned to their place when the poet was out of the house. Mr Harbison knew all that was go "It was all quiet when I was there a minute"

be left the grinding of the mill to meet his "The express has stopped. Good reason! old chums at the capital, or to quicken There's something on the track, I tell ye,' the action of his blood in Chicago. A couple said the neighbor. of stimulating days tinctured and nade en | Willie's mother was sure it could not be

durable his month of mill work. A man of Willie. He was conscious of his infirmity, luxurious tastes can not lose his tastes with and so cautious that she had long ceased to his means. He was a judge of poets, and be anxious about him. He knew the times said Willie might as well take the poetry as of all the trains with nice exactness, also to anything, for business did not pay a man Yet she started from the house without of sound faculties in these days. The hum of bees could be heard all around reached the crowd.

this unfinished brick house growing mossy The engine stood hissing; it confronted at the gab es, and its shadow was long on the her with the glare of its eye, a afternoon sunshine, It was that alert and norrid and remorseless fate, ready happy time of year when earth's sap starts to go its way with bell-clanging new from winter distillation. and all cheerful noise, no matter who had rosperous lives, continually trod upon the calling in play as they loitered home from The conductor was just stepping on board.

rest bearted woman in Fairfield. She school; the days were so long that the cows for time and orders wait for nothing. The bated Fairfield as a background to her ex | would not come up the pasture until nearly engineer had already climbed back to his cab; he saw a running woman kneel down life, It was the forlornest of Indiana railroad stations, looking like an ugly scar on the face of a beautifully wooded country, peo house, having her garden knife and rase in much, the engineer turned away his head

the temple. his grandchildren.

"He's knocked senseless," she exclaimed. 'Why doesn't somebod; bring water?"

boy than Willie Harbison was," responded esting.

that here lay one of Nature's poets, with a loop knots, figure eight knots, etc; now sufficient to last them for some time to eye on people to see if I couldn't git a cent scar reaching from above his right eye brow

On Saturday she walks abroad In jersey, lawn, or satin: Her name is Addie. May, or Maud, She idolizes Latin She loves to chat of him who sang "Arma virumque cano;"
And sneers at brainies belles who bang

The bothersome piano To boys she pays but little heed, No matter how they tease 'er: Of men, she only knows the need Of Cicero and Cresar. In algebra she does no less To quantities consign us: XI divided by xs

la equal to x -. Her heart's ambition she preserves Like mysteries masonic. Bur talks of sympathetic nerves

Of nights she often takes a turn At Ovic (Ars Amoris); Or dreams of hearis with love that burn As Daphnis did for Chloris. And if you kissed her blooming cheek

She'd murmur, 'stop! Oo, Lawdie!' She's pretty, witty, siy, and sleek, is Addie, May, or Maudie.

cence of its thought and diction, and in its moon see the earth?"

relation to one of the most stupendous events in modern history.

There was a sound of reveiry by night.

And Belgium's capital had gath'red then
Her beauty and her Chivalry, and bright

found time to make dance before her eyes

And all went merry as a marriage bell;

red his self-withdrawal. And he loved and ride until I come to a publisher. If you It has been generally asserted and believed picturesqueness in the row of whittling men, and various forms of the wonen. He that will be soon enough."

An' they is one thing wot is queer: he like company has a standing price of \$155.

"Wouldn't it be a grand sight! I wish I room fur the fiddle, too?" he easy; 'coz if b'lieve somethin' too. I don't know wot it been bought for this figure. Gray is the that will be soon enough."

An' they is one thing wot is queer: he like company has a standing price of \$155.

"Wouldn't it be a grand sight! I wish I room fur the fiddle, too?" he easy; 'coz if b'lieve somethin' too. I don't know wot it been bought for this figure. Gray is the color preferred. Horses of this color are side, Pete' An' he looks so worrited that I is, 'cept that it ain't anything 'bout Santy lies, 'cept that it ain't anything 'cept santy lies, 'cept that it ain't anything 'cept santy lies, 'cept Fairfield with a partiality which saw mere miss me, you'll know where I've gone. You that the ball was given by the Duchess in the

ther—her Willie should work with his the boys were playing hide-and-seek ity than one who was present on the occasione; but she accepted it as the result around the warehouse, and as she crossed ion—one, moreover, who was so nearly allied besid alone; but she accepted it as the result of his physical misfortune.

The parlore were Willie's workshop, in which he nawed, hammered and glued, or put noiseless inventions together. A carput of the next passing train.

The parlore were willie's workshop, in which he nawed, hammered and glued, or put noiseless inventions together. A carput of the next passing train.

Wille darded like a bat or a night bird on his unmercantile use. Its lock was seed to make an offering of the result in the put noiseless inventions together. A carput of the next passing train.

Wille darded like a bat or a night bird on his unmercantile use. Its lock was seed to make an offering of the result in the portant to life than food? I have eaten five to the giver of the entertainment—I asked to

whence he will not depart if nothing salls him iway; whence if he has departed he see has to be a randerer, and if he returns he ceases to we der audition from Civil Law. What treasures exist in the cold, deep well; Sink in the pair on the red parched earth, And then ye may recken what water is worth. Then stay at home, my heart, and rest The wird is safest in the next; O'er all that flutter their wings and fly a nawk is hovering in the sky." YOUNG FOLKS.

We made a trip to Pine Island, which lies too. I wonder wot it was? wedge-like parallel with the outer key. "But that ain't wot I was goin' to tell yer Here we found the cocos-nut and lemon about Santy Klaus, on'y it was just that time trees, the pranches laden down with mag- we used to have lots o' fun lookin' in the draught boat at high tide. A ramshackle Chrismus we was sleepin' down to B. F.

'Traverse the desert and then you can tell

Florida Robinson Crusoes.

[Harper's Magazine.]

this sailor says he can teach me to tie all come.

Pete. [St. Nichotas.]

"That will do just as well," replied Frank, it won't be my fault.

wagon which King Gordius had used. The wot I foun' arter his father died, an' he had my supper.

tells him ter crawl inside it. 'Will ther' be "An' they is one thing wot is queer: be The company has a standing price of \$155.

of steam the south-bound train sent around the first, and finally to see the train stand with the stand that the first with with the first with the first with the first with the first with with the first with the first with the first with the first with with the first with the first with the first with the first with with the first with the first with the first with the first wi

bodiss are composed mostly of water, and 'He is good to me! They ain't nobody so will suffer extremely if it is not supplied in good as Pete in the whole world!' Then be some manner. Water is so plenty that we cotches hold o' me an' we picks up the fidsome manner. Water is so plenty that we cotches hold o' me an' we picks up the fiddo not realize its worth. Eliza Cook well die, an' the woman opens the door for us,
and the sum of his possession and fortunes, says:

an' tells us not to forgit wheer the shop is. but to come to her w'en we's stuck an' can't git no supper. But I don't know wot made her stan' at the door an' cry while she was lookin' arter us. We didn't do nothin' to make her cry. An' I dont know wot made the young un cry nuther. An'-bust me! I don't know wot made me most up an' cry

nificent fruit Here we came across certain shop windles seein' the Christmas trees an' diminutive Robinson Crusces which excited things. An' wot tickled him more nor anyour sympathies. On this island, with a sad thing else was the Santy Klauses with the looking and dilapidated father, lived four bags o' toys an' things piled on their backs. children. You approached the place through He axed me wunst 'Did I b'lieve there was shallows barely navigable with a light reely a San'y Kians?' Wal, the night afore structure on rotten piles was the landing Harriman & Co,'s in a big packin' box full o' This settlement was twenty miles from any. straw, wot they'd left on the pavement, an' where. The house, the size of a small stable, he says to me, 'Pete, ain't this the night looked as if built years before, and was open Santy Klaus comes an' puts things in chilto all the winds of heaven. As the winds, dren's stockin's wet's hung up in the chim however, are never cold here, that perhaps bley?' An' I says, 'I've heerd somethin' was not important, but from April, as the 'bout it, but I don't much b'lieve it, an' I very flood gates of heaven are open, that ever tried it.' An' he says, 'Pete, do ye family must have been drowned out for think he'd come to this box ef we hanged up months. Sometime before, so we learned stockin's to the top of it? Will ye let's try, while the father was absent, the mother Pete?' An' I says, 'Weer's the stockin's? died, and these poor bairns with their own An' that was a stunner. An' he says, 'O, hands dug a grave and buried their mother | yes, we ain't got none, an' you ain't got no How that family managed to eke out an ex shoes muther, 'Pete. Ain't yer feet ister ce God only knows. Shells of the go cold? he says. Then he says, pher, the land tortoise, were strewn around, tell ye, Pete, les hang up my suggestive of miserable food. Fish shoes-one fer you and one fer me, an' les bough, might have been plenty. Two gr m | see if he'll come." So I says there warn't

gators were plentiful. The house contained straw round him an' tole him fer to go to the Third Avenue Surface Railroad Comscarcely anything. There was a grimy table, sleep fas', but I kep a watch to see if the pany. "A team comes in and goes out and a few boxes serving as chairs. We saw ole feller'd comes or not. An' I kep a watch every two minutes," said John F. Waller, not a cup or saucer; there were no beds. A on them two shoes, an' I thought of all the the company's foreman. tame crane, that did not seem to heed our things I'd ever wished for in my life, an' i On each day in the year?" queried the presence, flopped around. That bird was a wondered if ole Santy'd leave on top o' the reporter. convincing proof that those little girls had the box wot he couldn't git inter the shoes "No." was the answer, "but in seasons bestowed their love on something, and this Twice I heerd a noise, an' I thought sure like this. When we are at our busiest a was their pet. 'nuff there he was, an' I laid myself down team goes out and one comes in every thirty Fancy a lad of twelve having for a toy a quick an' commenced a snorin', but it seconds." squirming alligator some three feet long! warn't him, an' he never come nighthe box. The company owns about twenty one Not a very lovable companion, nor one to be on intimate terms with. But it was the beerd bout his leavin' empty the stockins of bad children, an' he might a left my sheet required for its other stables. Mr. Waller it was something not to be fooled with, for empty an' I'd a believed in him. But if he has made a study of the horse and is able to the 'gater's jaws were bound with a bit of thought my youngun was bad any ways- tell by glancing at an animal whether or rag. At our request this ligature was jes' let him or anyone else say a word agin not it is in condition. "I laughed," said he, loosed, when this ugly brute at once made that youngun, an' I'll-I'll-well jes' you "when an old horse doctor told me years ago for the boot of one of the party, and fast- let 'em try it, that's all. Although Grandpa Brown was nearly sevened his teeth in it, and would not let go I never thought of his bein' so awful sorry by looking at him. I have since discovered dignified by child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him. His nose was large for his derived the child-bearing and neighborly mained to him.

"We'll have to carry him home," said her hand bell, and in five minutes there were ditions to the library, a few tattered num an' he says, with the creakin' in his voice, mon with the human family. The old busband at her side, his voice sounding far of the five wide awate off as if it came strained through some dense grandchildren, three girls and two boys.

There was a slate, and at once the five wide awate bers of children's magazines of years long the five wide awate bers of the five wid The pupils brought no books to study, but the artistic young fellow stacked his gun. you s'pose, Pete," he says, 'It's bein' shoes get a chance. As soon as the stranger be She looked up, and could not understand before taking their seats they deposited slips dropped his Abrozzi manner, and drew for an not stockins ud make a difference? gins to feel at home the kicking stops, beof paper in grandpa's hat, on which were the children pretty and funny pictures, until "No," I says, "but I guess ole Santy has too cause he has plucked up spirit enough to written certain questions that he was to that poor miserable house echoed again with much to do to git i all done in one night kick back. They often night over their feed. answer. These questions were upon any aughter and cries of delight. The lad, in an' mebby if we hang the shoes out agin to The horse first served is looked upon with "He never knowed what hurt him," cau subject the children might select, but they stead of marbles, played with the ugly fangs night he'll come." You'd ought to seen his feelings of envy by those that have to wait a among the houses onto it so fast that it was dren were always on the alert for a puzzle arm we saw, belonging to the father, I should out, "Yes, I do," an' I never lied such a lie to their heels with a box of feed. Then they question. Pernaps a description of the extink the risk the boy ran was greater than since I was borned, an' I made up my mind sometimes attempt to kick. There is one pist of the party, who often wondered why theer shoe of his that night. So I took him to kicked off last year. Two horses were fightpeople ever wrote books or magazine stories, a ole musicianger wot lived up in a attic, an' ing. One made a terrible kick with his hind have pronounced the true cration over him | "Dear Grandpa-The past week I have the mail facilities have not quite gone wrong, for somthin', I tell ye, I stud at the cross the business was that he didn't die. Hallo, Through her dumb tragedy she wanted to been learning from an old sailor how to tie it is supposable that before this these chit- in's an' watched the people with bundles to Mike," he cried, raising his voice. make deaf-mute signs to some intelligence various kinds of knots, such as reef knots dren have a supply of juvenile literature see if they'd drop somethin', an' I kep my Mike came forward. His face showed a

wot I begged at last, an' nothin' else. There him at the time the socident occurred with

army after a battle in the city of Gordium, about the year 333 before Christ, and he determined to untie this celebrated knot, but being successful, he became impatient, and striking with his sword he severed the knot with one blow."

I laughed that I asked him, serious, to keep to broken off from a Christmus tree. It warn to bigger nor my hat, but I tuk it home, and being successful, he became impatient, ain't they? I says, 'Wal, no; I've heerd the cats make ten times was ones nor that. I knot with one blow."

That is a good story, grander? That is a good story, grander? That is a good story, grander? The color and the legigence is discovered the broken off from a Christmus tree. It warn to b

which be could force himself to show mother. That ripe instant arriving, the force him, and escaping as often as they mother. That ripe instant arriving, the force him, and escaping as often as they mother. That ripe instant arriving, the force him, and escaping as often as they mother. That ripe instant arriving, the force him, and escaping as often as they mother him and kissed him. In one of these excursions he drawing room of that mansion. He said, the hand she went with him to the first hand she went with him to the last lighted in the station, and they poured the foors, Willie unlike the force himself to show the new ripe him and kissed him. In one of these excursions he drawing room of that mansion. He said, the dropped his fiddle—think o' that! He dropped his fiddle—thi

IN TIME TO COME. BY EBEN E REXPORD.

The flowers are dead that made a Summer By wayside nooks and on the sunny hill And with regrets these hearts of ours prow tender, As sometimes all hearts will.

We loved the blossoms for they helped to The lives so dark with wearying toil and care. As hopes and dreams forever help to lighten The heavy loads we bear.

How like the flowers, whose transient life is The hopes and dreams are, that for one brief Make the glad heart a garden bright and splen-About love's latticed bower.

One little hour of almost perfect pleasure, A foretaste of the happiness to come, Then sudden frost—the garden yields its treas-And stands in sorrow, dumb.

Oh, listen, heart! The flower may lose its Beneath the touch of frost, but does not die. In Spring it will repeat the old, sweet story Of God's dear by and by.

In Heaven, if never here, the hopes we cher-The flowers of human lives we count as lost Will live again. Such beauty can not perish: And Heaven has no frost

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED HORSES.

How They are Fed and Housed and Cared for Under one Roof. [New York Tribune.]

dogs, lean and lank, slunk around the house | no harm in tryin', an' I hung 'em up fast to | "Hi, there," shouted a gruff voice. A Tri-The master of these surroundings told us the two nails by the strings, an' I stuffed the bune reporter moved to one side and a team dogs were only in good condition when alli- youngun's feet inter my cap an' fixed the of horses were driven into the main depot of

to below his right cheek bone. It formed an An' nobody never guv me nothin', an I indeliable "beauty mark," but Mike cared had to take home the young un's supper, nothing for this, as everybody had consoled

can't read, so if anything's took down wrong, up the shoes again, won't it?" An' he wait won't be my fault.

The stable occupies three stories of the huge building, which covers a square. The "Well," said grandpa, "the 'Gordian knot' "A gentleman in one of our offices says to was made by a rustic king of Phrygia, me: You tell me the story of your young says; have ye had a good time 'thout me?" street is as steep as the ascent to the floor named Gordius. The cord was made from un, an' I'll take it down and get it printed.' An' I says I'd a jolly time, but it was a lie, above the ground, but the horses manage to the fibrous bark of the cornel-tree, and the knot fastened the ox yoke to the pole of a wen I fust sead my young on—a little chap to eat anythin' till I did, an' I said I'd had every horse has a mate, is expected to work knot proved so intricate that no one could badn't nothin' but a fiddle in the world. When I fust goes up to him in the Park, ended."

"The oracle had declared that he who takes his stick an' pulls it acrost an' acrost an should untie the knot should be master of the strings, an' makes the wast n'ise ye ever waited an' waited, an' I couldn't find nothin' with the attendant circumstances. If a dri-Asia. Alexander the Great was resting his beerd in yer life. He felt so took down when at all but a little piece of branch wot was ver fails to do this and the negligence is dis-

"That is a good story, grandpa," replied Frank; "the next time I see the sailor I must tell him all about it."

The second slip was then taken from the light store and a half months.

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The second slip was the light store and a half The second slip was then taken from the says, 'Now'ers.' An' le says, 'Now'ers.' An' le says, 'Now'ers.' An' le says, 'I didn't sleep very much' sn' I woke up fust in the mornin', and I waited for him to cool period and the result was the prostrawake, spectin' he'd bust sgain we'n he seed tion of a large number of car horses in this When this question was read, Willie and a baby ken, an' he'd have to live with me. his shoe an' nothin' but the green thing in city as well as in many ether parts of the Frank looked troubled, as though guilty of An' he says, 'Will you take care o' me?' An' it. But wot do you think he did? He waked country. Leaving intensely hot and cold such conduct. Grandpa did not appear to leasys, 'Yes, I will' An that's the way he notice this, but remarked that frogs were come to be my young un.

weather out of the question, the most perilan' sung out, a shiverin' an' laughin', Ous season for the car horse is dry, windy when in the tree above his head

"As sound of Revelry by Naght."

As sound of Revelry by Naght Yer see, I had to bury it in the mornin's fur You's werry tired, Pete. I guess you's ing to its foreman. The latter has ninetywhether the moon is inhabited; but if so, good bed an' comf table, 'specially in miries. | walked a hundred miles for me An' oh, three hostlers under his eye, besides a large the earth must present to them all the phases 'Wot was it?' It was a ole piece o' carper ain't it good, Pete, to be on a bed?—a real number of men employed in other capaci-

And then one little sunny ray Set all my areams to joy sgain; I love the more the more the pain, And when it seems 'twould go away i strain it nearer still to say, A hundred times, "O, so," I say. And in the cloister fall and pray: But in my sleep some old refrain Get- tangled in my life again, That when I wake with tears I know can not, can not, let thee go! Love seems too great for earth: the strife
Is worse than death, and more than life,
Arise, for Love comes by, and pain
Is spangled on his wings and train;
He touches earth, to live on high,
"O kim me once and let me die!"

-The Marquis De Leuville

she told us to hold on a bit, an' she went kind o' hot me to bein' so blamed patikular

bad lived in the whirl. She was a plain, white presence of the walking statue in Don medium.

The pupils brought no books to study, bu public. The striped silk dresses of her pros-perous days, the fringed crape shawls and sighed in the deaf simpled map tillas, agreed ill with bon-mute language.

Sefore Willis reached her tiously said one villager to another. The usually had reference to something heard, of the 'gator, and was himself the slayer of the 'gator, and was himself the slayer of the 'gator, and was himself the slayer of the 'gator, and the chilsaurians. To judge from a miserable firesurians, agreed ill with bonmute language.

stead of marbles, played with the ugly fangs face shine up when I says that, "Do you the beld up his hands and sighed in the deaf
surians. To judge from a miserable firemen, except if a man happens to pass close more respect for what was rich and old than | Mrs. Harbison raised her hands and darted | "And I don't never want to see no better ercises upon one afternoon may prove inter that of the alligator. Then the misanthro that I was a goin' to have somethin' in that men in the stable who had his head almost the other. clally her eldest son, and for him in spite of his misfortune. The younger boy and gird were still leaping like colts upon their few were still leaping like colts upon their few remaining acres, sound in limb and wind, whole twenty miles from where he died, ins "Because it wasn't on a railroad?"

when he was going to school in Cincinnati Her father wouldn't let her have the preach. He had never hunt-d a public. His public kinds of knots but the Gordian knot.' Can under his nucle's care. At that time his erfor so long, and turned her off when she was the woods and sky, and his critic one you tell me what that is and how to tie it?

suburn curls were unshorn, and he was did marry him. Now she is a widow in her fond woman. Not a line of unsatisfied am- -Frank. honey-moon, and old man Martin saying he bition marked his placid face. He had lived 'Ah," said grandpa, when he had finished A few days before cottons took their tertold her a preacher as old as himself wasn't a humble, happy life, and sung for the sake reading. 'The Pete. An' I'm a newsboy. This story he was a waitin' for me. 'It's 'mos' night, the information that his recovery was out of any match for her. Did you see her father? of expression, not for the sake of praise. He could tell you better how the 'Gordian knot' ain't write. Nor I

had, after all, only gone to find the best pub | was severed than how it was made."

hat, and the question was this:

notice this, but remarked that frogs were come to be my young un.

vigor, the picturesqueness, and the magnifi- was this: 'Grandpa, can the people on the digs out the bed from under a pile o' stones. | yer head down here, on the people on the digs out the bed from under a pile o' stones. | yer head down here, on the people on the digs out the bed from under a pile o' stones. |

Ier beauty and her Chivalry, and bright that the moon presents to us, only in a reThe lamps shone o'er lair women and brave verse order. For instance, when we have a some people moved away from it, an' it was feel somebody a takin' keer of us! Do you wenty horses per day, and to feed and bed men;
At thousand hearts beat happily: and when side of the moon is turned toward us, therestory sold love to eyes which spake solf eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again.

And all went merry as a marriage bell:

Werse order. For instance, when we have a some people moved away from it, an' it was new moon it, an' it was new moon they have a full moon. Only one ez, long ez -ez long ez you air, sir, an' longer, side of the moon is turned toward us, therestory a rank is possible to fore the moon inhabitants upon the opposite young un hol's on to my other han' an' we side might have to take long journeys to indicate the moon inhabitants upon the opposite young un hol's on to my other han' an' we find the airy agin. But we has to loaf roun their surroundings. Horses are purchased to take a rounding and the same as clean as it is possible to the moon inhabitants upon the opposite young un hol's on to my other han' an' we find the airy agin. But we has to loaf roun their surroundings. Horses are purchased to the moon inhabitants upon the opposite young un hol's on to my other han' an' we find the airy agin. But we has to loaf roun their surroundings. take a peep at our planet, but it would a good wile 'fore the lights is put out. W'en body else, too. I don't know who it is, but st all seasons, but the best are bought in the But hush! bark! a deep sound strikes like a doubtless well repay them, for the earth it's all dark we goes down under the steps rising knell.

The seller is willing to take much less would look when full fourteen times as large an' I rolls up the carpet kind e'loose an' werry soon, Pete-werry soon, indeed.' would look when full fourteen times as large an' I rolls up the carpet kind e'loose an' werry soon, Pete-werry soon, indeed.'

than from hunger.